Edward the Black Prince.

.....

Act 5. Scene 5.

Snatching from his clay-cold hand his sword,
She plung'd it sudden in her side!

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EDWARD THE BLACK PRINCE;

OR, THE

BATTLE OF POICTIERS:

An Historical Tragedy,

BY WILLIAM SHIRLEY, Esq.

W. M. Craig, del. *R. Austin, sculp.*

Manchester,

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PROLOGUE.

THE sons of genius search, thro' every age,
For proper heroes to adorn the stage:
Here Greeks and Romans rise again to view,
Again fight bravely, and their fame renew.
The great unshaken Cato here you see,
And Cæsar falls for English liberty.
No standard virtue ripen'd yet on earth,
But you behold it in a second birth;
To strike, impress—impel the vigorous mind,
And give ye all the boasts of all mankind.

Such spurs to glory——if they glory raise,
Deserve protection——nay, demand your praise.

Our Bard to night, no doubtful story brings,
Of native, genuine English feats he sings:
Here no false varnish glitters to surprise,
But just historic truths in order rise;
And sure that tale must have for Britons charms,
That shews you France subdued by British arms:
Our lions traversing their ravag'd plains,
Their armies broken, and their king in chains.

Our Poet fir'd by England's ancient fame,
(And humbly aiming at great Shakspere's flame!)
On candour's judgment bids his hopes repose,
Alike disdaining partial friends and foes.
If his warm glow excites a patriot-zeal,
If from your eyes soft drops of pity steal;
If fears, hopes, sorrows, rise with varied art,
And by the hand of nature touch the heart;
There let him reign——Be there his power confest,
And generous judges will o'erlook the rest!

With the humane and the exalted mind,
The absent and the dead, indulgence find.
Know then——a parent breathing foreign air,
This night commits his darling to your care.
No faction's form'd to prostitute applause,
No art, no interest, to support his cause:
The public honour 'tis his pride to trust,
Nor can he think your voice will be unjust.
Attentive hear, unprejudic'd explore,
And judge like Englishman——he asks no more.

Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

EDWARD, PRINCE of WALES, *commonly called the* BLACK PRINCE.

EARL of WARWICK.

EARL of SALISBURY.

LORD AUDLEY.

LORD CHANDOS.

ARNOLD, *an Attendant on the* Prince of Wales.

CARDINAL PERIGORT, *the* Pope's *Nuncio.*

JOHN, *the French King.*

DAUPHIN, DUKE of TOURAIN } *his Sons.*

DUKE of ATHENS, *Constable of France.*

ARCHBISHOP of SENS.

LORD RIBEMONT, LORD CHARNEY } *French Marshals.*

WOMEN.

MARIANA, Charney's Daughter, *Prisoner in the English Camp.*

LOUISA, *her Attendant.*

Nobles, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE, *the* English *and* French *Camps, on and near the Plains of* Poictiers *in* France.

EDWARD the BLACK PRINCE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The PRINCE *of* WALES's *Tent. Prince* EDWARD *discovered seated,* WARWICK, SALISBURY, AUDLEY, CHANDOS, *and others standing.*

Prince.

My lords, I summon'd ye in haste to council;
Intelligence is brought me that our foes
Have levied to oppose us, such a strength
As almost staggers credibility!
What's to be done? To tarry longer here,
And brave their fury in the heart of France,
Would be a rashness that may hazard all.
Consider therefore well, my fellow-warriors,
And aid my judgment with your good advice.
Speak, Warwick, your opinion.

War. Royal sir,
It is for marching back, with speed, to Bourdeaux.
Our little army, harrass'd with fatigue,
And heavy-laden with the spoils of war,
Should, like the careful bees, ere storms o'ertake us,
Secure our treasures and prepare for rest.
Havoc has wanton'd in our hard campaign,
And manly daring won increase of glory:
Then let not now presumption madly risque
Reprisals from such force. Be timely prudent:
The voice of wisdom urges our retreat,
Obey it, and be happy.

Aud. Shameful thought!
What, spirit dastards by inglorious flight?

No; never let it, mighty prince, be said
That we, who, two succeeding summers, chac'd
From shore to shore of their extensive realm
Collected armies, doubling each our own!
Should here at length discover object fear,
And skulk for coward safety. What are numbers?
Let all their kingdom's millions arm at once,
And crowding, clust'ring, cram the field of fight!
Such timid throngs, with multiplied dismay,
Would make confusion do the task of valour,
And work out their destruction.

Sal. Audley's thoughts
Accord with mine. While Salisbury has breath,
His tongue shall hurl defiance at their force.
Remember, princely Edward, Cressy's field;
Remember every battle we have fought,
How much out-counted, yet how greatly victors!
Loud were the calls that broke our sleep of peace,
And bade us rouze and buckle on our arms;
A throne usurp'd, your royal father's right;
A violated truce, a vile attempt
To filch away the fruits of painful conquest,
By basely bribing servants from their duty.
Assaults so infamous, such rank dishonour,
At last awoke our monarch's high resentment:
O give it glorious scope! unhinge, destroy
Their very power of doing future wrongs:
So shall the rescued world pour forth its blessings,
And kings and kingdoms thank our arm for safety.

Chand. If Chandos give his voice for our retreat,
'Tis not from coward motives:—All can witness
I have met danger with as firm a spirit
As any in our host. But as success
Hath crown'd our arms with ample spoils and glory,
Why, when the season is so far advanc'd,
(Hopeless of profit) should we longer stay,
By soothing pride, to brave adversity?
Consider, gracious prince, and you, my lords,
What difficulties clog a winter's march
In hostile countries; parties harrassing,
And want of all convenience and supplies.
I do confess, the wrongs that urg'd us hither

Were such as merited severe revenge:
And vengeance we have had. Their burning towns
Have lighted us on many a midnight march,
While shrieks and groans, and yellings echo'd round.
Fear and confusion were our harbingers
And death and desolation our attendants.
" Such have their suff'rings been thro' two campaigns,
" And that a third may rise with added horrors,
" And carry indignation to his goal,"
Now homeward let us look; and wisely there
Recruit, in time, our vigour and our numbers:
Thence, with the chearful spring to issue forth,
Again to labour in the field of fame.

Prince. True wisdom, Chandos, dictates to your tongue,
And modest, manly eloquence adorns it.
My lords of Salisbury and Audley, you,
Who cherish truth and candour in your minds,
Must yield to arguments so clear and strong.
Believe me, friends and brothers of the war,
A momentary ruin may involve us:
Such mighty hosts are rais'd, and now in motion,
As well will task our utmost skill to 'scape.
Upon the plains of Poictiers are encamp'd,
Th' extensive plains that our retreat must skirt,
An army double ours!

Aud. And shall we pass?
Go tamely by? And give them cause for vaunting,
That Englishmen avoided once a battle?
No; never let us merit such a stain;
But boldly seek them, dare their double numbers,
And drive them, if a combat they decline,
To skip and wanton at a safer distance.

Sal. Give us, my prince, the pleasure but to spring
This gaudy flight of prating popinjays,
And we'll retire contented.

Chand. There my voice
Shall join ye, lords; to force them from their home
At such a juncture, will be doubly glorious!
Or should they venture battle, their discomfit
Will render our retreat to Bourdeaux safe,
And end our labours with a noble triumph.

Prince. Then be it so: for Poictiers we'll prepare.

Give instant orders, good my lords, for marching:
To-morrow's sun shall see us face our foes.
"There, if they wait our coming, we once more
"Will dress contention in her gorgon horrors:
"Drive fear and slaughter thro' their shudd'ring ranks,
"Stalk o'er their mangled heaps, and, bath'd in blood,
"Seize with red hands the wreath of victory!"
Here break we off; go each where duty calls.
[*Exeunt Lords.*
Now for an office is most grateful to me.
Who waits?—Let Arnold know that I expect him.
[*A Gentleman appears, and retires again.*
How poor the pomps and trophies of the field,
The blaze of splendor, or that bubble, praise,
Compar'd with what the sympathizing heart
Feels from a gen'rous action!

Enter ARNOLD.

Welcome, Arnold.
I ne'er behold thy face, but pleasure springs
From the remembrance of those sprightly days,
Which led thro' early youth our happy friendship.
Thou wert my brother then; familiar ease
Season'd our sports, and doubled each delight.
Thither my soul, from ceremonious pomp,
"And all the heavy toils of high command,"
Oft backward looks, with wishes to renew
Those lively transports, unallay'd by care,
Our boundless happiness, our bursts of joy!

Arn. So honour'd, gracious prince, as I have been,
From humble fortune rais'd to envy'd greatness,
And still with ev'ry grace each gift made precious.
Oh, what are words in payment of such blessings!
What ev'n my life, were life itself laid down
In gratitude for such transcendent goodness!

Prince. If there's a transport tow'ring to divine;
If, in atonement for its load of cares,
One vast enjoyment is the gift of greatness,
'Tis that we can bestow where merit claims,
"And with our favours cheer or charm the soul."
Thine is the vacant military post,
By Mountford's death reverted to my gift;

And keep thy office in my houshold still;
I must not lose the servant in the soldier.
Be henceforth both, and what is more, my friend.
Arn. How shall I praise——
Prince. Arnold, I merit none.
If thou hast kindness done thee, I have pleasure.
There is no joy a gen'rous mind can know,
Like that of giving virtue its reward:
Nor ought such payment be esteem'd a bounty;
For to deserve and give is equal favour.
But let me ask thee of thy beauteous charge:
How has the noble Mariana borne
Captive calamity?
Arn. With resignation
Worthy her birth and dignity of spirit:
Forgetting her misfortunes, all her talk
Turns on the topic of your kind protection.
Prince. Let it extend to all that can relieve
The mind from harsh reflections on her state.
We're now preparing for the fields of Poictiers:
Accommodate her on the wearying way
With thy best care. Remember I request it. [*Exit.*
Arn. Rely, my royal master, on my duty.
Needless injunction! Mariana's charms
Have giv'n her here such absolute command,
My very soul, my ev'ry pow'r, is her's.
But the cold maid, when'er I plead my passion,
Chills me with sighs, and stifles all my flame
Of love with streaming tears. Benignant Heaven!
Bless'd as I am with royal Edward's favour,
And Mariana's charms—and all beyond,
Let mad ambition grapple for, and gain. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Changes to the French Camp. Enter CHARNEY *and the Archbishop of* SENS.

Char. My lord of Sens, I gladly give your grace
A joyful welcome to the plains of Poictiers.
You come the happy harbinger of comfort,
Returning to old Charnley's woe-worn mind.
The king's approach revives my drooping spirits,

It feeds the dying lamp of life with hope
That I shall live to riot in revenge.
Those English locusts, who devour our wealth,
Who spoil and slaughter with so wild a fury,
Grant, ye good Pow'rs, these eyes may see destroy'd,
And I shall die contented!

Sens. Ev'ry tongue
Joins that petition. Your misfortunes, lord,
Most nearly touch the king.

Char. Oh, they are great!
The pride of ancient lineage treasur'd up,
Trophies of war and ornaments of pomp,
These won by valour, those with honour worn,
Favours of monarchs, and the gifts of Heav'n,
The relics of a glorious ancestry,
Are, with the mansions of my great forefathers,
A heap of ashes now!—A wide-spread ruin.
My age's blessing too, an only daughter,
Torn from her home to hard captivity,
The prey, the victim of a fell revenge!
Oh, matchless misery!——Oh, Mariana!

Sens. Your sorrows have been wept by ev'ry eye;
And all have wonder'd what should mark you out
For such peculiar vengeance.

Char. Nothing but
The service done our master, when I brib'd
Their governor to give up Calais to us;
Who, like a villain, broke his plighted faith,
And sacrific'd the gallant troops I led
To Edward's fury: slaughter'd all, or taken,
I was amongst the train who grac'd his triumph,
There the proud king insulted me with taunts;
He call'd our undertaking vile and base;
With low'ring brow and bitterness of speech,
Adding, he hop'd the fortune of his arms
Would give him to reward my treachery.
The father's wishes hath the son accomplish'd;
For which, may all the rage of ev'ry curse,
Flames, famines, pestilences, slaughters, join
To root from nature the detested race!

Sens. Grant it, good Heav'n!—But see, the Duke of Athens.

Enter ATHENS.

Char. Lord Constable, most welcome to my arms.
Ath. I thank you, noble Charney.
Char. Are the train
Of royal warriors, sir, arriv'd?
Ath. They are.
Char. Oh, joyful tidings! Sir, another hour
Shall speak at large my pleasure to behold you:
The present claims my duty to the king. [*Exit.*
Ath. My lord of Sens, these secret marches made
From different parts by our divided host,
May steal us on our unprepared foes,
And give our arms, at length, an ample vengeance.
Sens. I greatly hope it. As I think, to-morrow,
Or I mistook the king, they'll all be here.
Ath. With early day, the instant we arriv'd,
A numerous party, led by Ribemont,
Came up and join'd us. Those the Dauphin brings,
Our last division, are to march by night;
We may expect them with to-morrow's dawn.
Sens. See! Ribemont is here.

Enter RIBEMONT.

Rib. Why, this looks well——
Here's bustle, expedition!—once again
We shine in arms, and wear a face of war.
Sens. Oh, may they never be again laid down,
Till England is repaid with all the plagues
Her sons have brought on France! My eager soul,
As does the fever'd lip for moisture, longs
To see destruction overwhelm that people.
Rib. Indulge no guilty hatred, rev'rend lord;
For fair report, and let me add, experience,
Picture them lovely to impartial judgment.
The world allows they're valiant, gen'rous, wise,
Endow'd with all that dignifies our nature;
While, for their monarch—we'll appeal to facts,
And sure they speak him wonderful indeed!
"Did not Germania's ermin'd princes meet,
"And, as the most renown'd, the first of men,

" Elect great Edward to imperial sway?
" While he, sublime in ever-conscious glory,
" Disdaining rule but on his native throne,
" Saw sovereigns offer vassalage in vain.
" Then to his court, from ev'ry peopled realm,
" Ev'n from our own did not the fam'd in arms,
" The harness'd knights repair to fill his lists
" To take his judgment in all martial strife?
" Submitting int'rest, honour, all was precious,
" And ev'n beyond appeal, owning his voice,
" Like that of Heav'n, incapable of error."

Sens. It grates my soul to hear a Frenchman talk
Of greater glories than he finds at home.
Is not this monarch you would make a god,
Our master's enemy, our country's foe?

Rib. A foe he is, but he's a noble foe!
I know his worth, and therefore will I speak it.
At our attack of Calais, 'twas my fortune
To meet in fight this Third King Edward's sword:
I found him all that heathens held their gods,
Artful and mighty! (pardon the proud vaunt)
Too much for me to conquer. Long we stood,
Buckler to buckler, clashing steel to steel,
'Till, by superior soldiership o'ercome,
I yielded to a monarch. But so well,
With hardy vigour, I sustain'd the combat,
That freedom, ransomless, was my reward.
The royal victor, when he bade me go,
Took from his brow this string of orient wealth,
Around my temples twin'd the glittering wreath,
And cry'd—Shine there, my token of applause.
Oh, if his valour wing'd amazement high,
Where was its flight, when his heroic soul,
Forgetting that my sword had aim'd his slaughter,
O'erlook'd all low regards, all partial ties,
And gave a vanquish'd enemy renown?

Sens. Detested boast!—Ambition's taint, my lord,
So warps, so biasses the soldier's judgment——

Rib. Ha, biasses!—I tell thee, priest, ambition—
When was it wanting in a churchman's soul?
More odious there, and more pernicious far,
Than when it fires the warrior's breast to glory.

But, down my rage—Your office should be peaceful—
Your habit's sacred——Let your speech be suited.
Sens. Reproving sir, you think you rail secure,
And so secure remain; howe'er, your cause
Might bring ev'n your allegiance into question.
Rib. Said'st thou allegiance?—What a vile resort!
And would thy jaundic'd malice stain my fame?
But loyalty, long prov'd, dares bid defiance
To all the base perversion of thy tongue.
I praise my foes, because they merit praise:
I'll praise them to the king, and after fight them.
My soul disdains such narrow-hearted spleen,
As owns no excellence beyond a tribe,
Or hates, from envy, all superior merit.
Ath. Forbear, my lord; consider you're enrag'd
With one whose function does forbid revenge.
Rib. Why does the meddling priest provoke resentment?
Let him obey that function; preach repentance
To money-scraping misers, sordid slaves,
The cringing minions of corrupted courts,
The dregs of stews and tyrants of the gown:
There let his zeal be vehement and loud,
But not come here to sap the soldier's honour,
And teach inglorious lessons in a camp. [*Exit.*
Ath. Forgive him, good my lord; brave Ribemont
Is all the warrior, bold above restraint;
Of nature noble, but unpolish'd manners.
Sens. I do forgive him—Yet a time may come—
Ath. Sir, go we to the presence? [*Aside.*
Sens. I attend you.
Ath. There grant, ye pow'rs! our counsels may procure
This kingdom's safety, and its peace insure:
In one brave action may our arms succeed,
And in their turn the daring English bleed. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The English Camp. Enter SALISBURY and CHANDOS, *meeting.*

Chandos.

GOOD-MORROW, Salisbury, yon rising sun,
As was your wish, beholds us here encamp'd.

Upon the plains of Poictiers.

Sal. Noble Chandos,
It was my wish; a wish for England's honour.
To Frenchmen, whom so much we've aw'd and hum-
Methinks I would not give the least pretence [bled,
For arrogance and boasting.

Enter WARWICK.

War. Valiant lords,
Wild consternation reigns! Our scouts have brought
Intelligence the enemy surrounds us!
By sudden, secret marches, they have drawn
Their troops from ev'ry fertile province hither,
And cut off our retreat.

Sal. Why then we'll fight them.

War. Most fatal was our yesterday's advice,
But 'tis his highness' will we straight to counsel:
Haste, good my lords, for on a single hour,
Perhaps a minute, now our fate depends.

Sal. I'll not believe the French will dare attack us,
How great soe'er their numbers. But with words
We will not waste the time that may be precious;
Then to the prince's tent, my lords away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Changes to a private Tent. Enter ARNOLD, *leading* MARIANA.

Arn. Now, lovely captive, wilt thou doubly triumph!
The happier cause of France at length prevails,
And we are all undone.

Mar. What mean you, Arnold?

Arn. Encircled here by thy whole country's force,
Unable to sustain their fierce assault,
And all retreat cut off, we have no prospect
But that of total slaughter.

Mar. Hear me, Heav'n!
Who oft hast witness'd to the silent tears,
Stream'd down in gratitude for gen'rous treatment;
Now witness (spite of all my country suffers)
That these descend in pity for my foes.

Arn. The fatal accident again restores thee

To liberty, and safety, while from me
It cuts away all hopes of happiness.
I wish not to outlive the bloody hour
Must give thee to thy father, whose abhorrence
Of all that's English soon will interpose,
And plunge my soul for ever in despair.
Let then thy fancy image what I feel!——
Grief choaks the very passages of vent—
And I want utterance for——

Mar. There is no need.
I know thy heart, know all its tender feelings,
Know what sad tumults, doubts and fears create,
"Whose mingling agonies, in wounded minds,
"Sharpen a torture poignant ev'n to madness."
If to thy eloquence of words and looks,
My virgin modesty and captive state
Have hitherto forbid my tongue to answer,
Yet sure my eyes have told my heart was thine.
But now, away with fears and forms; distress
Bears me above restraint, and I will own
To Heav'n, to earth, to thee, my father, country,
That Arnold is most dear, most precious to me!

Arn. Hold, my transported heart!—Thou heav'nly maid—
What raptures rush at that enchanting sound!
Happy as I am now, destruction, come,
O'erwhelm me in this moment of my bliss;
Ne'er let me pine in hopeless anguish more,
But die thus clasp'd in Mariana's arms.

Mar. And will our fate—will cruel fate divide us?

Arn. Oh, do not name it! With the very thought
Frenzy assaults me. No, we must not, cannot,
Will not be parted—No——

Mar. Alas! I fear
The choice will not be ours. A father's pow'r,
If France prevails, for ever tears thee from me.
And must they conquer?—Oh, I find, I feel,
I've lost already all regard for France:
England's my country, any country's mine
That gives me but my safety and my love——
Inform me—tell me—is there no escaping?

Arn. Thou wilt need none. For me and for the rest,
We have, alas! no prospect but of——

Mar. Stop!
Nor dare inflame a wild imagination,
Lest madness follow! 'midst relentless foes,
Methinks I see thee fall! Behold them strike!——
I hear thy groans! I see thy gushing blood!
"Thy writhing body trampled in the dust!"
Oh, save me from the horror!——Let us fly!——
Let us away this moment!—Let us——
Arn. Whither?
Where can we fly? All hope of flight is lost,
There is no possibility——
Mar. There is.
Let us, while yet occasion will permit,
Fly to my father.
Arn. Father!
Mar. He'll protect us.
Arn. Protect us!—Dire protection!—at the thought
My blood runs chill! and horror quite unmans me.
Mar. Think on the dangers that you brave by staying.
" *Arn.* Think, rather, on the hell that I should merit
" By such desertion——dire and damning guilt!
" How dreadfully it shakes me!—
" *Mar.* Dost thou tremble?
" Then what should I, a helpless woman, do?
" Imagine that! and if thou art a man,
" Feel for what I may suffer.
" *Arn.* Suffer!——Thou?
" *Mar.* Yes, Arnold, I! The woes that I may suffer,
" Amongst the deadly dealings of the field,
" Some well-aim'd weapon, thro' a bleeding wound,
" May set thy soul at liberty for ever:
" While I (of mortals though the most undone)
" Wanting all means of honourable death,
" Must suffer woes beyond description dreadful.
" What are my friends, my father, or my country?
" Cold are the comforts that they all can give,
" When thou, dear darling of my heart, art lost.
" Pleasure and hope, and peace will perish with thee,
" And this forlorn, this joyless bosom, then
" Become the dreary mansion of despair.
" Shall I not rave, blaspheme, and rend my locks?
" Devote the hour that gave me birth? and curse

" The sun and time, the world, myself and thee?
" 'Till frenzy prompting, 'gainst some dungeon wall
" I dash my burning brains to finish torture."

Arn. Do not awake, thou lovely pleader, do not,
Such tumult-working thoughts within a mind
On madness verging.

Mar. Let us then away.

Arn. Oh, not for worlds!—Not worlds should bribe [me to it.

Mar. And wilt thou urge thou lov'st me? [thee,

Arn. More than life!

Mar. By Heav'n, 'tis false: the spirit that's within
Is not of worth to harbour aught so noble.

Arn. Will daring even to die convince thee?

Mar. No:
Death is a coward's refuge. Dare to live;
Dare wretchedness,—Reproach——

Arn. No more, no more——
Tempt me no more in vain——

Mar. Art thou so fix'd?——

Arn. As fate——

Mar. I've done.

Arn. Then why that angry look?——

Mar. It is a curse entail'd upon the sex,
To have our counsel scorn'd, our love despis'd.
Go to thy ruin——to my ruin go——
I give thee up—and all my hopes for ever.

" *Arn.* Why wilt thou blast me with that baleful dew?
" Each tender tear that falls in sorrow from thee,
" (Like melted ore fast dropping on my heart)
" Drives life before it with excess of pain.
" Come, friendly slaughter, now my only hope,
" Free me from sufferings not to be endur'd.

" *Mar.* What! In the hour of trial would'st thou
" Steal to the shelter of a timeless grave, [shrink!
" And leave me on the rack of dire despair?
" Is this a proof of that superior spirit
" Asserted by the lordly boaster, man?
" Oh, shame upon thee——

" *Arn.* Hear me——

" *Mar.* Not the winds,
" That hang the curling billows in the clouds—
" Are more impetuous than the rage of scorn

" That rises in my bosom."
Arn. Let but reason
Weigh the dire consequence of such a flight.
Mar. The consequence! Why, what do you forsake
But certain slaughter?
Arn. Horrid—damning thought!
Mar. I hop'd my risking wretchedness for love,
Would have provok'd some emulation——
Arn. Oh!
Mar. But thou art poor, the hero of pretence;
And therefore thus—for ever——
Arn. Take me, lead——
No, stop!——it surely was some Siren's voice
Would lure me to destruction—Off!—stand off!—
Thou! thou art she that would ensnare my soul,
Ruin my peace, and sacrifice my fame.
But timely be advis'd: forbear to urge
A deed that all the earth would scorn me for,
All hell want plagues to punish.
Mar. Be undone——
Arn. Undone I am, whatever course I take——
Dreadful alternative! Despair, or death,
Or everlasting shame!
Mar. I did not pause:
I chose, for Arnold's love to hazard all:
To suffer, if misfortune were our lot,
And never once reproach him or repine.
But he rejects such truth, such tenderness—
Arn. Oh, hear me, help me, save me, sacred pow'rs.
" *Mar.* Deserts a woman in adversity!
" And seeks, in death, a rescue from the woes
" Her fortitude encounters.
" *Arn.* 'Tis too much,
" It tears my brain!—my bosom!—Oh!"
Mar. Thou'rt pale!——
Arn. Dizzy and sick—the objects swim before me.
Reach out thy hand to save me ere I sink:
Oh, what a deprivation of all pow'rs!
Lead me to my tent—I beg thee lead——
" *Mar.* I will.
" Lean fearless on my arm, it can sustain thee."

Arn. Oh, boasted manhood—how I feel thy weakness. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Opening, discovers a magnificent pavilion, in which King JOHN *appears seated in state. On stools, below him, sit the* DAUPHIN, *Dukes of* BERRY, ANJOU, TOURAIN *and* ORLEANS, ATHENS, SENS, RIBEMONT, CHARNEY, *Lords, Attendants, and Guards all standing.*

King. At length, we've caught these lions in our toils,
These English spoilers, who thro' all our realm
Have mark'd their way with rapine, flames, and slaughters:
Now, by my sacred diadem, I swear,
Beyond a conqueror's joy my pleasure swells,
For that my foes have wrought their own confusion,
And found misfortuneswhere they meant to deal them.
What say you, lords, must softening pity sway?
Or shall we glut our vengeance with their blood?

Char. Heav'n gives them up the victims of your wrath;
Indulge it, then, to their destruction. Mercy
Would mark your majesty the foe of France.
Your bleeding country cries for retribution:
I join it, with a voice by woes enfeebled;
Here, feel, and strike in such a moving cause,
The cause of wrongs, of wounds, of weeping age!
The widow'd bride, the childless father calls:
"The helpless, parentless, unshelter'd babe!
"Matrons bewailing their whole race cut off;
"And virgins panting from the recent rape!"
Oh, hear, redress,—revenge us, royal sir,
For vengeance now is in your pow'r to grant.

Rib. Anger and hatred are disgraceful motives,
Calm dignity should ever counsel kings,
And govern all their actions. When they strike,
It ne'er should be to gratify resentment,
But, like the arm omnipotent of Heav'n,
To further justice: to create an awe
May terrify from evil:—better minds—
Rectify and benefit society!

Ath. The nuncio,
Who follow'd fast your majesty to Poictiers,

Hath sent to claim an audience in behalf
Of you endanger'd English.

Sens. Do not hear him.

King. Say, lord archbishop, wherefore should we not?

Sens. Knowing your godlike and forgiving nature,
I fear 'twill rob you of much martial glory:
Else might your fame in arms, for this day's action,
Rival the boasts of Macedon or Rome!
And sure your valiant soldiers will repine,
To have the laurels, now so near their grasp,
Snatch'd from their hopes for ever.

Rib. Abject minion!
How shameful to that habit are such flatteries. [*Aside.*

King. Yes, I well know my soldiers pant, impatient
To seize this feeble quarry. But our foes,
I must remind you, are so close beset,
That famine soon will throw them on your mercy.
Princes and lords, what cause have we to fight?
Why should we waste a drop of Gallic blood,
When conquest may be ours on cheaper terms?

Dauph. But will it suit the glory of your arms
To wait their inclination to surrender?
Or ev'n to grant such parley, as might plume
Their saucy pride t' expect capitulation?
Oh, no, my royal father, rush at once,
O'erwhelm them, crush them, finish them by slaughter.

Rib. Think not, prince Dauphin, they'll e'er stoop for terms:
Believe me, we have rather cause to expect
A fierce attack, to cut their passage through,
Or perish in the attempt. I know them well,
In many a field have try'd their stubborn spirit;
Have won some honour—by their king tho'vanquish'd:
And when I ponder their intrepid courage,
How much they dare to suffer and attempt,
I'm lost in wonder! and no Cressy need
To make me tremble to provoke their fury.

Dauph. Your tongue, the herald of your vanity,
Methinks, is loud in what were better lost
To all remembrance—a disgraceful tale.
To boast of honours from a victor's bounty,

Is stooping low—is taking abject fame.
If you have valour, give it manly sway,
Busy your sword—but let your tongue be silent.
Rib. My talent never 'twas to idly vaunt—
King. No more of this—presumptuous Ribemont.
Princes and lords, we are yet undetermin'd.
I've sent a spy, of known abilities,
To find out the condition of our foes;
From whose report, in council, we'll resolve
On measures that may promise most success.
Mean time, do you inform the Nuncio, Athens,
His audience shall be granted. Lords, lead on:
We'll make our morning's progress through the camp.
[*Exeunt King, Prince, &c.*
Rib. What boasts made I?
I told the truth, and wherefore then this taunt?
Shame on such modesty! The king, just now,
Nice as he seems in breeding and in forms,
With patience heard a supple, fawning priest——
Strip all the shrines of fam'd antiquity,
Ev'n make great Cæsar and the son of Philip
Resign their laurels to his nobler claim:
" Nay, thought him sparing, doubtless, that he left
" Great Hercules and Jove unspoil'd to grace him!
" By my good sword, an oath with soldiers sacred,"
By Heav'n, 'twould make an honest stomach heave
To see a throat so squeamish for another,
Open and gulp a potion down, enough
To poison half mankind.
Ath. Brave Ribemont,
The king's distaste was that you prais'd his foes.
To talk of Cressy and of Edward's feats,
Was to remind him of our crown's disgrace:
'Twas to proclaim what we should wish forgotten,
Our slaughter'd armies, and our monarch's flight.
Rib. What, are our ears too delicate for truth?
If English valour has disgrac'd our arms,
Instead of mean forgetting, we should stamp
The hated image stronger on our minds;
For ever murmur and for ever rage,
'Till thence eras'd by nobler feats of arms.
Such are my thoughts, and such my resolution:

I share our country's scandal, and would join
My sword, my blood! to purge away the stain.
Ath. Here, then, occasion meets thy patriot-wish;
Here you my help to blanch our sullied glory.
Rib. I differ, Athens, widely in opinion,
The harvest is too thin, the field too bare
To yield the reapers honour. "On my soul,
"I pity the brave handful we encircle,
"And almost wish myself an Englishman
"To share a fate so noble.
"*Ath.* Gallant spirit!"
Rib. Would our exulting king acquire renown,
Let him reduce his numbers down to theirs.
Then sword to sword, and shield to shield, oppose,
In equal strife, these wonderous sons of war;
There conquest would be glorious! But, as now,
With all our thousands and ten thousands join'd,
By Heaven! 'tis most infamous to fight.
Ath. I must away; my duty calls me hence.
I must applaud this generous regard
For a brave people that have done you honour;
Convinc'd, whene'er you face these fearless foes,
You'll fight them warmly as you've prais'd——
Rib. Farewel—*On my soul,*
I pity the brave handful we encircle,
And almost wish myself an Englishman,
To share a fate so noble. [Exeunt severally.

SCENE IV.

Changes to the English Camp. Enter AUDLEY *and* CHANDOS, *meeting.*

Aud. You're well encounter'd, Chandos, where's the prince?
Chan. Directing the entrenchments: every duty
His active ardor leads him to engross.
Such heavenly fortitude inflames his soul,
That all beholders catch new courage from it,
And stifle with astonishment their fears!
From cool unruffled thoughts his orders issue,
While with the meanest soldier he partakes
In ev'ry toil! inspiring, by example,

A glorious zeal and spirit thro' the camp.
Aud. Yet feels he, as a father of our host,
For every man's misfortune, but his own.
Thrice have I seen him, in successive rounds,
Kindle new courage in each drooping heart,
And drive all fear, all diffidence, away.
Yet on the task would tenderness intrude,
As dangers stole and imag'd on his mind:
When pausing, he would turn his head aside,
Heave a sad sigh, and drop a tender tear.

Enter SALISBURY.

Chan. Well, what says Salisbury!
Sal. Why, faith, but little:
It is yon Frenchmens' place to talk at present.
Aud. How stand the troops?
Sal. Believe me, not so firm,
But our light-footed enemies, if dext'rous,
May trip up all their heels.
Chan. True to his humour!
My good Lord Salisbury will have his gibe,
Howe'er affliction wrings.
Sal. And wherefore not?
Will burial faces buy us our escape?
I wish they would: then no Hibernian hag,
Whose trade is sorrow, should out-sadden me.
But, has the business stands, to weep or laugh,
Alike is bootless; here is our dependence.
[*Touching his sword.*
Aud. What are their numbers?
Chan. Full an hundred thousand.
Sal. Ours but some eight;—great odds, my friends!
No matter:
The more will be our glory when we've beat them.
Aud. What swells their host so mightily (I'm told)
The Earls of Neydo, Saltsburg and Nassau,
Have join'd their troops. The Earl of Douglas too
Assists them with three thousand hardy Scots,
Their old and sure allies.
Chan. I hear the same.
Sal. What! Scotchmen here? whose monarch is our pris'ner.

" *Aud.* Ta'en by a priest and woman! at the head
" Of such raw numbers as their haste could gather,
" When all our vet'ran warriors, with their king,
" Were winning laurels on the fields of France.
" *Chan.* And hither now, perhaps, his subjects come
" To fight for captives to exchange against him.
" *Sal.* For captives! This poor carcase they may get,
" When 'tis fit booty for their kites and crows:
" But while this tongue can speak, I'd root it out
" Ere Scot or Frenchman it should own my master."
Chan. The prince approaches, lords!

Enter PRINCE, WARWICK, *and Attendants.*

Prince. Hah! saidst thou, Warwick!
Arnold gone over to the foe?
War. He is.
A trusty spy brought the intelligence,
Who saw him entering the adverse camp,
Leading his captive charge,
Prince. Impossible!
War. I've search'd his quarters since, myself, and
Nor he nor Mariana can be found. [there
Prince. What has a prince that can attract or bind
The faith of friends, the gratitude of servants?
Blush, greatness, blush! Thy pow'r is all but poor,
Too impotent to bind one bosom to thee——
A blow like this I was not arm'd to meet——
It pierces to my soul.
Sal. All-righteous Heav'n,
Reward the villain's guilt?—Believe not, prince,
Throughout our host, another can be found
That worlds would buy to such a base revolt.
Prince. I hope it, will believe it, Salisbury.
Yet must lament that one has prov'd so worthless.—
I lov'd him too!—But since he has forgot
The ties of duty, gratitude, and honour,
Let us forget an Englishman could break them,
And losing his remembrance, lose the shame.
My lords, I have dispatches in my hand,
Advising that the nuncio-cardinal,
Good Perigort, is now arriv'd at Poictiers,
And means to interpose in our behalf.

Aud. His interposing is a gen'rous office,
And I applaud it; but, believe me, prince,
Our foes will rate their mercy much too high.
I'd hope as soon a tiger, tasting blood,
Can feel compassion, and release his prey,
As that a Frenchman will forego advantage.
Prince. Iv'e by the messenger that brought my letters,
Sent him the terms on which I warrant treating.
The sum is, my consent to render back
The castles, towns, and plunder we have taken,
Since marching out of Bourdeaux: and to plight
My faith, that I, for seven succeeding years,
Will wield no hostile sword against their crown.
Sal. It is too much, my prince, it is too much.
Give o'er such traffic for inglorious safety.
Or let us die, or conquer.
Prince. Salisbury,
Rely upon a prince and soldier's promise,
That caution shan't betray us into meanness.
Heav'n knows, for me, I value life so little,
That I would spend it as an idle breath,
To serve my king, my country, nay, my friend.
"To calls like these our honour bids us answer,
"Where ev'ry hazard challenges renown."
But sure the voice of Heav'n and cry of Nature,
Are loud against the sacrifice of thousands
To giddy rashness. Oh! reflect, my friends,
I have a double delegated trust,
And must account to Heav'n and to my father,
For lives ignobly sav'd, or madly lost.
'Till Perigort shall therefore bring their terms,
Suspend we all resolves, but those receiv'd:
Determination must be expeditious:
For know our stock of stores will barely reach
To furnish out the present day's subsistence.
Aud. If so, necessity, the last sad guide
Of all misfortune's children, will command.
Chan. We must submit to what wise Heav'n decrees.
Prince. Let that great duty but direct the mind,
And men will all be happily resign'd:
Accept whate'er the Almighty deigns to give,
And die contented, or contented live:

Embrace the lot his Providence ordains,
If deck'd with laurels, or depress'd with chains,
Inur'd to labour, or indulg'd with rest,
And think each moment he decrees, the best. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The French Camp. Enter ATHENS *and* RIBEMONT.

Ribemont.

LORD Constable, I was not in the presence
When Perigort had audience of the king,
Inform me, for I wish to know, does peace
Her olive-garland weave? Or must the sword
Be kept unsheath'd, and blood-fed vengeance live?

Ath. The king expecting me, I cannot tarry
To let your lordships know particulars;
But the good father, who even now set forward,
Carries such terms as, from my soul, I wish
Young Edward may accept: for 'tis resolv'd,
If they're rejected, instant to attack them.
Yonder's the fugitive, I see, advancing,
Who left their camp this morning. If we fight,
And you have there a friend you wish to save,
This man may point you to his post. Farewel. [*Exit.*

Rib. This man——By Heav'n, there's treason in his aspect!
That cheerless gloom, those eyes that pore on earth,
That bended body, and these folded arms,
Are indications of a tortur'd mind,
And blazon equal villany and shame.
In what a dire condition is the wretch,
Who, in the mirror of reflection, sees
The hideous stains of a polluted soul!——
To corners then, as does the loathsome toad,
He crawls in silence: there sequester'd lies
"The foamy ferment of his pois'nous gall,"
Hating himself, and fearing fellowship.

Enter ARNOLD, *musing.*

Arn. What have I done! And where is my reward?
Charney withholds his daughter from my arms,

My flatter'd recompence for——Hold, my brain!
Thought that by timely coming might have sav'd me,
Is now too late, when all its office serves
But to awaken horror! [*Aside.*

Rib. I'll accost him.——
Are you an Englishman?

Arn. I had that name,
(Oh, killing question)———but have lost it now.

Rib. Lost it indeed!

Arn. Illustrious Ribemont!
(For was your person less rever'd and known
By every son of Britain, on your brow
That splendid token of renown you wear,
Would be your herald)—Pity, if you can,
A wretch——the most undone of all mankind.

Rib. I much mistake your visage, or I've seen you
In near attendance on the Prince of Wales.

Arn. I was indeed,—(Oh, scandal to confess it)
I was his follower, was his humble friend;
He favour'd, cherish'd,—lov'd me!—Heav'nly pow'rs!
How shall I give my guilty story utterance!—
Level your fiery bolts!—Transfix me here!
Or hurl me howling to the hell I merit.

Rib. Invoke no pow'r, a conscience such as thine
Is hell enough for mortal to endure.
But let me ask thee, for my wonder prompts me,
What bait affords the world, that could induce thee
To wrong so godlike and so good a master?

Arn. True, he is all, is godlike, and is good!
Edward, my royal master, is indeed
A prince beyond example! Yet your heart,
If it has ever felt the power of beauty,
Must mitigate the crime of raging love.

Rib. Love!—Thou lost wretch!—And could so frail a fire
Consume whate'er was great and manly in thee?
Blot virtue out, and root each nobler passion
Forth from thy mind? The thirst of bright renown?
A patriot fond affection for thy country?
Zeal for thy monarch's glory? And the tie
Of sacred friendship—by thy prince enobled?
Begone, and hide thy ignominious head,

Where human eye may never penetrate;
Avoid society, for all mankind
Will fly the fellowship of one like thee.
Arn. Heav'n! wherefore said'st thou that we must not err,
And yet made woman?
Rib. Why accuse you Heav'n?
Curse your inglorious heart for wanting fire,
The fire that animates the nobly brave!
The fire that has renown'd the English name,
And made it such as ev'ry age to come
Shall strive to emulate—but never reach——
There thou wert mingled in a blaze of glory,
Great—to amazement great!—But now how fall'n!
Ev'n to the vilest of all vassal vileness,
The despicable state of female thraldom.
"*Arn.* From letter'd story single out a man,
"However great in council or in fight,
"Who ne'er was vanquish'd by a woman's charms.
"*Rib.* Let none stand forth, there is no cause they should!
"Beauty's a blessing to reward the brave;
"We take its transports in relief from toil,
"Allow its hour, and languish in its bonds:
"But that once ended, dignity asserts
"Its right in manhood, and our reason reigns."
Arn. Untouch'd by passion, all may talk it well;
In speculation who was e'er unwise?
But appetites assault like furious storms,
O'erbearing all that should resist their rage,
'Till sinking reason's wreck'd; and then succeeds
A gloomy calm—in which reflection arms
Her scorpion brood—remorse, despair, and horror!
Rib. But could contrition ever yet restore
To radiant lustre a polluted fame?
"Or man, however merciful, forget
"That justice brands offenders for his scorn?"
Truth, the great touchstone of all human actions,
The fair foundation of applause or blame,
Has ting'd thy honour with too foul a stain,
For all repentant tears to wash away.
All eyes 'twill urge to dart their keen reproaches,
Each tongue to hiss, and ev'ry heart to heave
With indignation at thee.

Arn. All the pride,
That here should kindle into high resentment,
I find is gone! My spirit's sunk, debas'd!
My guilt unman's me—and I'm grown a coward. [*Aside.*

Rib. The trumpets may wake, the clarions swell,
That noble ardor thou no more canst feel,
Disgrac'd from soldier to a renegade.
Anon, while o'er the dreadful field we drive,
Or dealing deaths, or daring slaught'ring swords!
Do thou at distance, like the dastard hare,
All trembling, seek thy safety. Thence away,
As fortune, or thy genius may direct,
Thy conscience thy companion. But be sure,
Whatever land you burden with your weight,
Whatever people you hereafter join,
Tell but your tale, and they will all, like me,
Pronounce you abject, infamous and hateful. [*Exit.*

Arn. Abject and hateful!—Infamous!—I'm all!—
The world has not another monster like me:
Nor hell in all its horrid store of evils,
Beyond what I deserve!——Already here
I feel the shafts, they rankle in my bosom;
And active thought anticipates damnation.

Enter MARIANA *and* LOUISA.

Mar. He's here! I've found my heart's companion
Rejoice, my Arnold, for my father softens; [out!
He half forgets his hatred to thy country,
And hears with temper while I praise thy virtues.
We soon shall conquer. Hah! what mean those
Why art thou thus? [tears?

Arn. And canst thou ask that question?
Thou soft seducer, thou enchanting mischief,
" Thou blaster of my virtue. But—begone——
" By Heav'n, the poison looks so tempting yet,
" I fear to gaze myself in love with ruin.
" Away—away: enjoy thy ill-got freedom,
" And leave a wretch devoted to destruction.
" *Mar.* Destruction!—how the image strikes my soul,
" As would the shaft of death, with chilling horror!—
" Hear me—but hear me!—'tis the cause of love!

" Your Mariana pleads—For Arnold's peace,
" For mine, for both—nay, do not turn away,
" And with unkindness dash the rising hope,
" That strives for birth, and struggles with despair!
" *Arn.* Oh, yes, despair!—it is most fit you should,
" As I must ever do.
" *Mar.* Wherefore?———Why?
" How are you alter'd, or myself how chang'd,
" That all our blessings are transform'd to curses?
" Have you not sworn—(you did, and I believ'd you)
" My flatter'd beauties and my faithful love,
" Were all that Arnold wish'd to make him happy?
" *Arn.* Curst be your love, and blasted all your beauties,
" For they have robb'd me of my peace and honour.
" Looks not my form as hideous as my soul,
" Begrim'd like hell, and blacken'd to a fiend?
" Go, get thee hence——thou blaster of my fame,
" Bear thy bewitching eyes where I no more
" May gaze my——but I have nothing now to lose,
" Nought but a hated life, which any hand
" Would be most merciful to rid me of.
" *Mar.* If I am guilty, 'tis the guilt of love,
" And love should pardon what himself inspir'd.
" Oh, smooth the horrors of that anguish'd brow,
" Thy tortur'd vissage fills me with affright!
" Look on me kindly, look as you were wont,
" Or ease my bursting heart, or strike me dead."
Arn. Give me again my innocence of soul,
Give me my forfeit honour blanch'd anew,
Cancel my treasons to my royal master,
Restore me to my country's lost esteem,
To the sweet hope of mercy from above,
And the calm comforts of a virtuous heart.
Mar. Sure kindness should not construe into guilt
My fond endeavours to preserve thee mine,
Life, love and freedom are before you, all,
Embrace the blessings, and we yet are happy.
Arn. What, with a conscience sore and gall'd like mine?
To stand the glance of scorn from ev'ry eye,
From ev'ry finger the indignant point?

" In ev'ry whisper hear my spreading shame,
" And groan and grovel a detested outcast!"
A taunting Frenchman, with opprobrious tongue,
Pronounc'd me abject, infamous and hateful!
And yet I live—and yet you counsel life——
" The damn'd beneath might find or fancy ease,
" And fear to lose existence soon as I——"
No, die I must—I will—but how, how, how?——
Nay, loose my arm; you strive in vain to hold me.

Mar. Upon my knees—See, see these speaking tears!

Arn. Be yet advis'd, nor urge me to an outrage.
Thy pow'r is lost—unhand me—then 'tis thus,
Thus I renounce thy beauties, thus thy guilt——
Life, love and treason I renounce for ever. [*Exit.*

Mar. Then welcome death, distraction, ev'ry curse!
Blast me, ye lightnings! strike me, roaring thunders!
Or let me tear, with my outrageous hands,
The peaceful bosom of the earth, and find
A refuge from my woes and life together.
[*Flinging herself on the ground.*
Stand off! away! I will not be withheld——
I will indulge my phrenzy——Loss of reason
Is now but loss of torment——Cruel Arnold!

" *Enter* CHARNEY.

" *Char.* Whence is this voice, of woe, this frantic posture?
" Why is my child, my Mariana, thus?

" *Mar.* Thy flinty heart can best resolve the question. [*Rising.*
" Thou that relentless saw'st my tears descend,
" And urg'd by stubborn haughtiness and hatred,
" Hast given me up to endless agonies.
" The man that merited thy best regard,
" The man I lov'd, thy cruelty has made
" Alike implacable—He's gone, he's lost!
" Arnold is lost, and my repose for ever!

" *Char* Why, let him go; and may th' impending
" The hov'ring mischiefs that awaits their arms,
" Him, them, and all of their detested race,
" Involve in one destruction.

" *Mar.* No, let ruin
" O'ertake the proud, severe, and unforgiving,
" Crimes that are strangers to an English nature:
" They are all gentle; he was mild as mercy,
" Soft as the smiles that mark a mother's joy,
" Clasping her new-born infant. Shield him, Heav'n!
" Protect him, comfort him——Thou cruel father!
" Thou cause of all my sufferings, all my woes;
" Give him me back, restore him to my arms,
" My life, my lord, my Arnold! Give him to me,
" Or I will curse my country, thee, myself;
" And die the victim of despairing love. [*Exit.*
" *Char.* Follow her, watch her, guard her from her fury. [*Exit* Louisa.
" Oh, dire misfortune! this unhappy stroke
" Surpasses all the sorrows I have felt,
" And makes me wretched to the last extreme."
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Drawing, discovers the PRINCE *of* WALES *seated in state in his tent; at the entrance to which his standard stands displayed; the device, three ostrich feathers, with the motto of* ich dien. WARWICK, SALISBURY, AUDLEY, CHANDOS, *Nobles, Officers and Guards standing.*

Prince. I've sent my Lords of Oxford, Suffolk, Cobham,
To meet the Nuncio, and conduct him hither;
From whom we may expect to hear the terms
On which the French will deign to give us safety.
[*Trumpets.*

Chan. Those trumpets speak the Cardinal's arrival:
And see! the lords conduct him to your presence.
[*Trumpets.*

Enter three English Lords, preceding Cardinal Perigort *and his retinue. On the Nuncio's bowing, the Prince advances from his seat, and embraces him.*

Prince. Lord Cardinal, most welcome to my arms:
I greet you thus, as England's kindest friend,

Misfortune's refuge, and affliction's hope.
It is an office worthy of your goodness,
To step betwixt our danger and destruction,
Striving to ward from threat'ned thousands here,
The blow of fate.

Per. Grant, gracious Heav'n, I may:
For, from my soul, great prince, I wish your rescue;
And have conditions from your foes to offer,
Which, if accepted, save ye.

Prince. We attend. [*Takes his seat.*

Per. No art for mild persuasion in your cause
Have I omitted: but imperious France,
Too fond of vengeance, and too vain of numbers,
Insists on terms which only could be hop'd
From such a scanty, unprovided host;
And prudence will direct, from many evils
To choose the lightest. Their conditions are,
That, to the castles, towns, and plunder taken,
And offer'd now by you to be restor'd,
Your royal person, with an hundred knights,
Are to be added pris'ners at discretion.

Prince. Ha! pris'ners!

Aud. Oh, insolent, detested terms!

Sal. A hundred thousand first of Frenchmen fall,
A carrion taint the air!—I cannot hold. [*Aside.*

Prince. [*After a pause.*] My good Lord Cardinal,
what act of mine
Could ever usher to their minds a thought,
That I would so submit?

Per. Could I prescribe,
You should yourself be umpire of the terms;
For well I know your noble nature such,
That int'rest would be made the slave of honour.
But to whate'er I urg'd, the king reply'd,
Remember Cressy's fight! to us as fatal,
As that of Cannæ to the Roman state.
There fell two mighty kings, three sovereign princes,
Full thirty thousand valliant men of arms,
With all the flower of French nobility,
And of their firm allies; for which, (he cried)
What can redeem the glory of my crown,

But to behold those victors in our chains?———
It is a bitter portion; but reflect,
That royal John is noble, and will treat
Such foes with dignity, while fortune pays
Less than the stock of fame his father lost.

Prince. Yes, Philip lost the battle with the odds
Of three to one. In this, if they obtain it,
They have our numbers more than twelve times told,
"If we can trust report." And yet, my lord,
We'll face those numbers, fight them, bravely fall,
Ere stoop to linger loathsome life away
In infamy and bondage. Sir, I thank you———
I thank you from my soul, for these—for me——
"That we have met your wish to do us kindness;"
But for the terms our foes demand, we scorn
Such vile conditions, and defy their swords———
Tell them, my lord, their hope's too proudly plum'd;
We will be conquer'd ere they call us captives.

Per. Famine or slaughter———

Prince. Let them both advance
In all their horrid, most tremendous forms! [die,
They'll meet, in us, with men, who'll starve, bleed,
Ere wrong their country, or their own renown.
Sound, there, to arms!—My pious friend, farewel.
Disperse, my lords, and spirit up the troops:
Divide the last remains of our provision—
We shall require no more; for who survives
The fury of this day, will either find
Enough from booty—or a slave's allowance.

Per. How much at once I'm melted and amaz'd!
Stop, my lords, and give a soul of meekness scope,
In minutes of such peril. By the host
That circles Heav'n's high throne, my bleeding heart
Is touch'd with so much tenderness and pity,
I cannot yield ye to the dire decision.
Let me, once more, with ev'ry moving art,
Each soft persuasion, try the Gallic king:
Perhaps he may relent—permit the trial——
I would preserve such worth, Heaven knows I would:
If hazard, labour, life, could buy your safety. [me!

Prince. Lord Cardinal, your kindness quite unmans

My mind was arm'd for every rough encounter;
But such compassion saps my fortitude,
And forces tears—they flow, not for myself,
But these endanger'd followers of my fortunes,
Whom I behold as fathers, brothers, friends,
Here link'd together by the graceful bonds
Of amity and honour: all to me
For ever faithful and for ever dear,
"The worth that rooted when my fortune smil'd,
"You see not e'en adversity can shake:"
Think it not weakness then that I lament them.

Per. It is the loveliest mark of royal virtue;
'Tis what demands our most exalted praise,
Is worthy of yourself, and must endear
The best of princes to the best of people.
Till my return be hope your comforter:
If 'tis within the scope of human means,
I'll ward the blow.

Prince. Good Heaven repay you, sir:
Tho' acts like yours carry such blessings with them
As are their full reward——My lord, farewel.

[*Exit* Perigort, *attended as he came in.*

Aud. Well, sir, how fare you now?

Prince. Oh, never better!
"If I have frailty in me, Heaven can tell,
"It is not for myself, but for my friends."
I've run no mean, inglorious race; and now,
If it must end, 'tis no unlucky time.
As yon great planet, thro' its radiant course,
Shoots at his parting the most pleasing rays,
So to high characters a gallant death
Lends the best lustre, and ennobles all.

Aud. Why, there, my prince, you reach even virtue's summit;
For this I love you with a fonder flame,
Than proud prosperity could e'er inspire.
'Tis triumph, this, o'er death.

Prince. And what is death,
That dreadful evil to a guilty mind,
And awe of coward natures? 'Tis but rest,
Rest that should follow every arduous toil,
Relieve the valliant, and reward the good

Nor is there aught in death to make it dreadful,
When fame is once establish'd.

War. That secure,
Our foes, who wail its loss, can ne'er recover
The glory ravish'd from them.

" *Prince.* Who can tell?——
" Has fortune been so badly entertain'd
" That she should leave us? No, my noble friends,
" Her smiles and favours never were abus'd;
" Then what we merit we may yet maintain."

Chan. An hundred of us, with your royal person,
Deliver'd up their pris'ners at discretion!
The French have surely lost all modesty,
Or the remembrance of themselves and us.

Aud. But here, in my mind's tablet, there remains
" A memorandum that might make them start,
" In this career of their presumptuous hope.
" Nine times the seasons scarce have danc'd their rounds,
" Since the vain father of their present king,
" Philip, who stil'd himself his country's fortune,
" Gaudy and garnish'd, with a numerous host,
" Met our great Edward in the field of fight.
" I was one knight in that illustrious service,
" And nrge I may, (for 'tis a modest truth)
" We made the Frenchmen tremble to behold us:
" Their king himself turn'd pale at our appearance,
" And thought his own trim troops, compar'd with
" Effeminated cowards—Such they prov'd: [ours,
" And since that day, what change in them or us,
" Can ground security on wond'rous odds?
" The same undaunted spirits dare the combat:
" The same tough sinews and well-temper'd blades
" Again shall mow them down, like autumn corn,
" Another harvest of renown and glory.

" *Chan.* There the brave monarch of Bohemia strove,
" In vain, to kindle valour in their hearts:
" He fought, he fell——when our victorious prince
" Siez'd his gay banner, with yon boast—I SERVE—
" [*Pointing to the* Prince's *standard.*
" Which, now more suited to his princely charge,
" Triumphantly, as conqueror, he wears;

"And, in his honour, England's eldest hope
"Shall ever wear it to the end of time."

Sal. Now, as I live, I wish we were at work,
And almost fear the Nuncio may succeed.
Methinks we should not lose the bless'd occasion,
Or for surpassing ev'ry former conquest,
Or gaining glorious death, immortal fame.

Prince. Then set we here ill-fortune at defiance,
"Secure, at least, of never-fading honour."
Oh, my brave leaders! in this warm embrace.
[*They all embrace.*
Let us infuse that fortitude of soul,
To all but England's daring sons unknown!
"Firm as the stately oak, our island's boast,
"Which fiercest hurricanes assault in vain,
"We'll stand the driving tempest of their fury.
"And who shall shake our martial glories from us?
"Yon puny Galls? They ne'er have done it yet,
"Nor shall they now——Oh, never will we wrong
"So far ourselves and our renown'd forefathers!"
Here part we, lords; attend your several duties.
Audley, distribute thro' the camp provisions——
Keep ev'ry soldier's spirits in a glow,
Till from the French this final message comes:
Then, if their pride denies us terms of honour,
We'll rush outrageous on their vaunting numbers;
And teach them, that with souls resolv'd, like ours,
Ev'n desperation points the way to conquest.
When (in defiance of superior might)
Plung'd in the dreadful storm of bloody fight,
Shall ev'ry Briton do his country right. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The French Camp. Enter RIBEMONT.

Ribemont.

THE troops, array'd, stand ready to advance:
And this short pause, this silent interval,
With awful horror strikes upon my soul——
I know not whence it comes, but till this moment,

Ne'er did I feel such heaviness of heart.
Fear, thou art still a stranger here; and death
Have I oft seen in ev'ry form he wears;
Defy'd him, fac'd him, never fled him yet:
Nor has my conscience since contracted guilt,
The parent of dismay—then whence is this?
Perhaps 'tis pity for yon hopeless host———
Pity! For what?—The brave despise our pity;
For death, encounter'd in a noble cause,
Comes, like the gracious lord of toiling hinds,
To end all labours, and bestow reward.
Then let me shake this lethargy away——
By Heav'n, it wo' not off!——The sweat of death
Is on me—a cold tremor shakes my joints——
My feet seems rivetted—my blood congeals——
Almighty Pow'rs!——Thou ever awful form!
Why art thou present?—Wherefore?—What, a sigh?
Oh, smile of sweet relief!—If aught from Heav'n
A mortal ear be worthy to——Again
That pitious action! that dejected air!
Speak out the cause—I beg thee, speak—'tis gone!—
"Yet would I gaze, by such enchantment bound—
"Thou pleasing, dreadful vision!"—Oh, return!
Unfold thy errand, tho' I die with hearing——

Enter ATHENS.

Ath. You're well encounter'd, Ribemont; the king,
Ere this, has Edward's answer; as I past
The bound'ries of our camp on yonder side,
In this my progress to equip the field,
I saw the Nuncio posting like the wind,
He and his train on horses white with foam,
Their course directed to our monarch's tent.
What means this, Ribemont?———Thou'rt lost in thought!

Rib. Athens!—I am unsoldier'd; I'm unmann'd—
Wonder you may, my noble friend; for see,
I shake, I tremble——

Ath. Say, at what?

Rib. Why—nothing.

Ath. Should the vast host that here are rang'd for battle,

(Warm with impatience, eager for the fray)
Behold that Ribemont alone has fear,
What wonder would it cause! For thou, of all,
Art sure deservingly the most renown'd.
Come, be thyself——For shame!——
Rib. Believe me, Athens,
I am not stricken with a coward's feeling:
Not all yon army to this sword oppos'd,
Should damp my vigour, or depress my heart.
"'Tis not the soldier trembles, but the son——"
Just now a melancholy seiz'd my soul,
A sinking; whence I knew not; till, at length,
My father's image to my sight appear'd,
And struck me motionless.
Ath. 'Twas only fancy.
Rib. Oh, no, my Athens! plainly I beheld
My father in the habit that he wore
When, with paternal smiles, he hung this weapon
Upon my youthful thigh, bidding me use it
With honour, only in my country's cause.
Within my mind I treasur'd up the charge,
And sacred to the soldier's public call
Have worn it ever. Wherefore then this visit?
"Why, in that garb in which he fix'd my fortune,
"And charg'd me to repay his care with glory?"
If 'tis an omen of impending guilt,
O, soul of him I honour, once again
Come from thy heav'n, and tell me what it is,
Lest erring ignorance undo my fame.
Ath. Nought but a waking dream; a vapour'd brain.
Rib. Once his pale visage seem'd to wear a smile,
A look of approbation, not reproof;
But the next moment, with uplifted hands
And heaving bosom, sadly on the earth
He turn'd his eyes, and sorely seem'd to weep.
"I heard, or fancy'd that I heard a groan,
"As from the ground his look was rais'd to me;"
Then, shaking with a mournful glance his head,
He melted into air.
Ath. Pr'ythee, no more——
You talk'd of melancholy, that was all;

Some sickness of mind, occasion'd oft
Ev'n by the fumes of indigested meals.
To-morrow we will laugh at this delusion.
Rib To-morrow! Oh, that mention of to-mor-
There are opinions, Athens, that our friends [row!—
Can pass the boundaries of nature back,
To warn us when the hour of death is nigh.
If that thy business was, thou awful shade!
I thank thee, and this interval of life,
However short, which Heaven vouchsafes me yet,
I will endeavour as I ought to spend.
Ath. See, thro' yon clouds of dust, with how much
The Nuncio hastens to the English camp! [speed
Perhaps the terms for safety are agreed;
Then where's a meaning for thy fancy'd vision?
Rib. No matter where; my spirits are grown light;
" Returning vigour braces up again
" My nerves and sinews to their wonted tone.
" My heart beats freely, and, in nimble rounds,
" The streams of life pursue their ready course.
" Lead on; our duty calls us to the king."
Again the bright'ning fires of glory blaze:
Yes, virtue calls, and Ribemont obeys.
Yes, Athens, yes, amid the fierce alarms,
Where Edward thunders in vindictive arms,
Shalt thou behold me, in my country's cause,
Rise in renown, or perish with applause. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Changes to the PRINCE *of* WALES's *Tent. Enter* PRINCE, CHANDOS, *and Attendants, meeting* AUDLEY.

Prince. Well, Audley, are the soldiers all refresh'd?
Aud. All: and altho' perchance their last of meals,
It seem'd so cheerful as surpass'd my hope;
Still joining hands, as off they drain'd the bowl,
Success to England's arms, was all the cry.
At length a hoary vet'ran rais'd his voice,
And thus address'd his fellows: Courage, brothers!
The French have never beat us, nor shall now.
Our great Third Edward's fortune waits our arms;
And his brave son, whose formidable helmet

Nods terror to our foes, directs the fight.
In his black armour, we will soon behold him
Piercing their throng'd battalions—Shall not we,
At humble distance, emulate his ardor,
And gather laurels to adorn his triumph?——
Then did they smile again, shake hands and shout;
While, quite transported at the pleasing sight,
I wept insensibly with love and joy. [there,

Prince. I too could weep—Oh, Audley, Chandos,
There rest I all my hope!——My honest soldiers,
I know will do their duty.

Enter Gentleman.

Gent. Royal sir,
A person, muffled in a close disguise,
Arriv'd this instant from the adverse camp,
As he reports, solicits to receive
An audience of your highness, and alone.

Prince. Retire, my lords——Conduct him straightway in. [*Exit Gent.*

Chan. Your highness will not trust yourself unguarded.
It may be dangerous. Consider, sir——

Prince. Caution is now my slave, and fear I scorn:
This is no hour for idle apprehensions.
[*Exeunt Lords, &c.*

Enter ARNOLD *in a disguise, which he throws off.*

Your business, sir, with—Arnold! Get thee hence.

Arn. Behold a wretch laid prostrate at your feet,
His guilty neck ev'n humbled to the earth;
Tread on it, sir——it is most fit you should.
I am unworthy life, nor hope compassion——
But could not die till here I'd stream'd my tears,
In token of contrition, pain and shame.

Prince. Up, and this instant from my sight remove,
Ere indignation urges me to pay
Thy horrid treasons with a traitor's fate.

Arn. Death if I'd fear'd, I had not ventur'd hither;
Conscious I merit all you can inflict:
" But doom'd to torture as by guilt I am,
" I hop'd some ease in begging here to die,

"That I might manifest, where most I ought,
"My own abhorrence of my hated crime."
Thus, on my knees, lay I my life before you,
Nor ask remission of the heavy sentence
Your justice must pronounce. Yet, royal sir,
One little favour let me humbly hope:
(And may the blessings of high Heav'n repay it!)
'Tis when you shall report my crime and suffering,
Only to add—He gave himself to death
The voluntary victim of remorse.

Prince. I shall disgrace my soldiership, and melt
To woman's weakness, at a villain's sorrow!
Oh, justice, with thy fillet seal my eyes,
Shut out at once his tears, and hide my own! [*Aside.*

Arn. Am I rejected in my low petition
For such a boon?—Nor can I yet complain:
Your royal favours follow approbation,
And I, of all mankind, have least pretence
To hope the bounty of a word to ease me.

Prince. Rise, Arnold—Thou wert long my chosen servant:
An infant-fondless was our early tie;
But with our years (companions as we liv'd)
Affection rooted, and esteem grew love.
"Nor was my soul a niggard to thy wishes:
"There set no sun but saw my bounty flow,
"No hour scarce past unmark'd by favour from me.
"The prince and master yet I set apart,
"And singly here arraign thee in the friend."
Was it for thee, in fortune's first assault,
"Amidst these thousands, all by far less favour'd,"
To be the man, the only to forsake me?
Was it for thee, *in whom my heart delighted,*
Was it for thee, "for thee to seek my foe,
"And take thy safety from the means that sunk
"The man of all the world that lov'd thee most?"
In spite of me my eyes will overflow,
And I must weep the wrongs I should revenge.

Arn. Tears for such guilt as mine! Oh, blasting sight!
Cover me, mountains—hide me and my shame!——
A traitor's fate would here be kind relief
From the excessive anguish I endure.

"Or Heav'n bestow on virtues such as thine." [*Trump.*
That trumpet summons me! I must away.
Oh, measure by thy own the pangs I feel! [*Exit.*

Mar. Then they are mighty; not to be express'd;
Not to be borne, nor ever to be cur'd.
My head runs round, my bursting brain divides!
"Oh, for an ocean to ingulph me quick,
"Or flames capacious as all hell's extent,
"That I might plunge, and stifle torture there!"

Lou. Hence, my dear lady; for your peace, go hence.

Mar. I'll dig these eyes out; these pernicious eyes,
Enslaving Arnold, have undone him—Ha! [*Trumpet.*
That raven trumpet sounds the knell of death!
Behold—the dreadful, bloody work begins——
What ghastly wounds! what piteous, piercing shrieks!
Oh, stop that fatal faulchion! if it falls,
It kills my Arnold!—Save him, save him, save——
[*Exit running*; Louisa *follows.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to a rural Eminence, with the distant Prospect of a Camp. Enter PRINCE.

Prince. The hour advances, the decisive hour,
That lifts me to the summit of renown,
Or leaves me on the earth a breathless corse.
The buz and bustle of the field before me,
The twang of bow-strings, and the clash of spears,
With ev'ry circumstance of preparation,
Strike with an awful horror! Shouts are echo'd,
To drown dismay, and blow up resolution
Ev'n to its utmost swell—From hearts so firm,
Whom dangers fortify, and toils inspire,
What has a leader not to hope? And yet
The weight of apprehension sinks me down.
O Soul of Nature, great eternal Cause, [*Kneels.*
Who gave and govern'st all that's here below!
'Tis by the aid of thy almighty arm
The weak exists, the virtuous are secure.
If to your sacred laws obedient ever,
My sword, my soul, have own'd no other guide;

Oh, if your honour, if the rights of men,
My country's happiness, my king's renown,
Were motives worthy of a warrior's zeal,
Crown your poor servant with success this day,
And be the praise "and glory all" thy own. [*Rises.*

Enter AUDLEY.

Aud. Now, royal Edward, is the hour at hand,
That shall, beyond the boast of ancient story,
Ennoble English arms. Forgive, my hero,
That I presume so far, but I have sworn
To rise your rival in the common fight:
We'll start together for the goal of glory,
And work such wonders, that our fear-struck foes
Shall call us more than mortals. As of old,
"Where matchless vigour mark'd victorious chiefs,
"The baffled host, to cover their disgrace,
"Cry'd out, the gods assum'd commanders' forms,
"And partial Heav'n had fought the field against them!"

Prince. Audley, thy soul is noble; then, together,
(Safe from the prying eye of observation)
Let us unmask our hearts. Alas, my friend,
To such a dreadful precipice we're got,
It giddies to look down! No hold, no hope,
"But in the succour of almighty pow'r;"
For nothing but a miracle can save us.
"*Aud.* I stifle apprehensions as they rise,
"Nor e'er allow myself to weigh our danger.
"*Prince.* 'Tis wisely done. And we'll at least en-
"(Like the brave handful at Thermopylæ) [deavour
"To make such gallant sacrifice of life,
"As shall confound our enemies. Oh, think
"On the great glory of devoted heroes,
"And let us emulate the godlike flame,
"That dignified the chiefs of Greece and Rome!
"Souls greatly rais'd, above all partial bonds,
"Who knew no tie, no happiness distinct,
"But made the gen'ral weal their only care.
"That was their aim, their hope, their pride, the end
"For which they labour'd, suffer'd, conquer'd, bled.
"*Aud.* Exalted, great incitement!

" *Prince.* What may happen,
" Since none can say, prepare we for the worst.
" Then, as a man whom I have lov'd and honour'd,
" Come to my arms, and take a kind farewel.
" [*They embrace.*
" If we survive, we will again embrace,
" And greet each other's everlasting fame:
" If not, with him whose justice never errs,
" Remains our fit reward.
" *Aud.* You melt me, sir!
" I thought my nature was above such weakness;
" But tears will out———
" *Prince.* They're no reproach to manhood;
" But we've not leisure now for their indulgence."
Aud. True, glorious leader, to more active duties
" The several functions of our souls are summon'd;"
Safety and honour, liberty, renown,
Hope's precious prospect, and possession's bliss,
All that are great and lovely, urge together,
The arm of valour in their dear defence.
Prince. And valour well shall answer the demand:
Our foes, to wear the trophies of the day, [tell
Must wade thro' blood to win them. " Heav'n can
" How many souls may pay the fatal price,
" Or whose may be the lot." If I fall,
Say, Audley, to my father, to my country,
Living they had my service—at my death,
My pray'rs and wishes for eternal welfare.
Aud. Request not that, which, if the day be lost,
I ne'er shall execute. I have to ask
A favour, which I hope you'll not refuse.
Prince. Nothing that suits my Audley to solicit.
Aud. It is, that I may be the first to charge:
I think I can rely upon my courage
To set a good example.
Prince. Then be it so. And hark! [*Trumpets.*
The troops approach. *Audley, to your station.*
Aud. Each upright form
Darting defiance, as they move, to France!
" Where is the pow'r can cope with souls like these?
" Resolv'd on conquest, or a glorious fate,
" Unmoveable as rocks they'll stand the torrent

" Of rushing fury, and disdain to shrink;
" But let yon panting wasps discharge their stings,
" And then in clusters crush them." [*Trumpets.*

Enter WARWICK, SALISBURY, CHANDOS, *and other Commanders. Parties of Soldiers appear between all the Wings, with Officers leading them, so seeming as if the whole Army was drawn up.*

Prince. Countrymen,
We're here assembled for the toughest fight
That ever strain'd the force of English arms.
See yon wide field with glitt'ring numbers gay!
Vain of their strength, they challenge us for slaves,
And bid us yield, their pris'ners at discretion.
If there's an Englishman among ye all
Whose soul can basely truckle to such bondage,
Let him depart. For me, I swear, by Heav'n,
By my great father's soul, and by my fame,
My country ne'er shall pay a ransom for me!
Nor will I stoop to drag out life in bondage,
And take my pittance from a Frenchman's hands:
This I resolve, and hope brave countrymen,
Ye all resolve the same.

Sold. All, all " resolve it."

Sal. Conquest or death is ev'ry Briton's choice.

Prince. Oh, glorious choice! And know, my gallant soldiers,
That valour is superior far to numbers.
There are no odds against the truly brave:
Let us resolve on conquest, and 'tis ours.
But should the worst that can befal us, death!
'Twill be a fate to envy more than pity.
And we have fathers, brothers, sons or friends,
That will revenge our slaughter.

Sal. On, lead on, *my gallant prince.*

Prince. I see the gen'rous indignation rise,
That soon will shake the boasted pow'r of France:
" Their monarch trembles 'midst his gaudy train,
" To think the troops he now prepares to meet,
" Are such as never fainted yet with toil.
" They're such as yet no power on earth could awe,
" No army baffle, and no town withstand.
" Heav'ns, with what pleasure, with what love I gaze,

" In ev'ry face, to view his father's greatness!
" Those father's, those undaunted fathers, who
" In Gallic blood have dy'd their swords.
" Those fathers who in Cyprus wrought such feats,
" Who taught the Syracusians to submit,
" Tam'd the Calabrians, the fierce Saracens,
" And have subdu'd in many a stubborn fight
" The Palestinean warriors. Scotland's fields,
" That have so oft been drench'd with native gore,
" Bear noble record; and the fertile isle
" Of fair Hibernia, by their swords subjected,
" An ample tribute and obedience pays.
" On her high mountains Wales receiv'd their laws,
" And the whole world has witness'd to their glory.
" *Aud.* Lead us to action, and each Briton here
" Will prove himself the son of those brave fathers.
" *Prince.* View all yon glitt'ring grandeur as your
" The sure reward of this day's victory. [spoils,
" Strain every faculty, and let your minds,
" Your hopes, your ardors, reach their utmost bounds;"
Follow your standards with a fearless spirit;
Follow the great examples of your sires;
Follow the noble genius that inspires ye;
" Follow this train of wise and valiant leaders,"
Follow, in me, your brother, prince, and friend.
Draw, fellow-soldiers, catch th' inspiring flame:
We fight for England, liberty, and fame.
[*They draw their swords and go out; trumpets sounding.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

An extensive Plain, with the distant view of a Town; on one side a Camp on a level, on the other, another on a rising ground. Enter PRINCE, WARWICK, CHANDOS, *and Attendants; their swords drawn.*

Prince.

HASTE to my Lord of Oxford, and request
He ply his archers with redoubled vigour.
[*An Attendant bows and goes out.*

I see already they've confus'd the foe;
Their ranks are broken, and they seem to doubt
If they should stand or fly.
Chan. Then now's the time
To press them with the weight of all our force;
For Frenchmen, if they're once dismay'd, are lost.
War. Excess of fury marks the battle yonder;
Lord Salisbury there sustains a heavy charge.
Prince. Warwick, away and reinforce his party,
Or numbers may o'erbear him. Fly this instant.
[*Exit* Warwick.
Oh, for an arm of iron, but to answer
The mighty ardor that inflames my soul! [*Exeunt.*

Enter ARNOLD, *bloody.*

Arn. Yet more of Gallic blood, I must have more,
To wash my stains of infamy away.
What are the multitudes o'erthrown already?
Greater must down to gratify my rage,
And in my country's vengeance crown my own.
Ha! what, retreating! Cowards, follow me.
[*He joins an English party who were giving way, and they beat the French off.*

SCENE II.

Changes to another part of the Field. *Enter* KING JOHN, TOURAIN, ATHENS, *and Attendants.*

King. By Heav'n, a panick seizes all my troops!
Inform me, Athens, what's the cause of this?
Ath. Some parties that the Prince of Wales detach'd
Round yonder mountain, have attack'd our rear;
And the division which the Dauphin led
Dispersing in confusion, they have pierc'd
With fury to the centre of our host.
King. Fly, Athens, to my son, with my command,
That he collect again his scatter'd men,
And lead them to our succour. Shameful sight!
[*Exit* Athens.
That such a handful should confound us thus.

Enter Archbishop of SENS *with a drawn sword.*

Sens. Confusion seize!—but there's no need to wish it;

"Too much it rages in our host already.
"I got this weapon from a feather'd wretch,
"Who cast it down and skipp'd like any deer:
"I wish the villain had it in his heart.
"Howe'er, I took the keen incumbrance up,
"And us'd it better than its master could;
"For, with this arm, unpractis'd in the office,
"I clove a brawny Briton to the chine.
"*Tour.* Heav'ns, how we're prest! No party but gives way!
"*King.* Perdition seize the cowards! Come, my boy,
We'll do our duty tho' they all desert us." [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Changes. *Enter* ARNOLD.

Arn. My arm begins to weary with the fight.
Death, I have cramm'd thy rav'nous jaws with offal;
Now, turn my friend, and give me timely rescue.

Enter RIBEMONT.

Rib. The double traitor, must I stain my sword
With the foul streams that circle in thy veins,
Who art so base, so branded!—Infamous!
By Heav'n, it almost is a guilt to fight thee.
Arn. Here I can answer, for my cause is good;
It is my country's. And, thou haughty lord,
Think not thou e'er again shalt awe my soul,
Or, unchastis'd, reproach me with a crime
I loath, and here am come to expiate.
The earth I've crimson'd with thy country's blood;
And if the pow'rs, to what I've shed already,
Will add but Ribemont's, I'll ask no more:
The foe I next may meet to mine is welcome.
Rib. Can aught in valour purge thy Æthiop soul,
Expunge thy blots, and rank thee with the brave?
Dar'st thou assert the cause thou hast betray'd,
Or hope a second guilt atones the first? [land
No! the joint vengeance of wrong'd France and Eng-
I send in this—[Arnold *falls.*]——There's something
of thy due;

To infamy and hell I leave the rest. [*Exit.*

Arn. Death I have caught: his shaft is in my heart.
It tugs with nature. When shall I get free?

Enter PRINCE, CHANDOS, *and Attendants.*

Prince. Slaughter hath wanton'd here! What streams of blood!
What heaps of mangled bodies strew the ground!
Death has had able ministers at work;
A pompous tribute they have paid indeed!
Arnold! Hast thou done this?

Arn. Offended Prince,
You find my fluttering soul upon the wing.
All a poor desp'rate and despairing wretch
Could do, this arm hath wrought.

Prince. Thrice have I mark'd
Thy valour wonderful.

Arn. All worthless quite.
That I could pay a hundred thousand lives
In gratitude to you, and love for England;
But feeble nature fail'd my better wish.
So here I render up a loathsome life——.

Prince. Talk not of dying—Live, and still be mine.

Arn. Too gen'rous prince! Could your benignant heart
Forgive and cherish one who is so vile? [heart

Prince. As Heav'n may pardon me, thy crime's forgot.

Arn. Then I am happy. Hear it, sacred pow'rs,
And give him glory great, as is his goodness.
I go—Methinks the gloomy way before me
Is stripp'd of half its horrors. Friendly death,
Receive a parting, pity'd, pardon'd——Oh! [*Dies.*

Chan. He dies!——Is gone.

Prince. Proving, my noble friend,
His soul was genuine English, and could tow'r
O'er all calamities but conscious guilt.

Chan. Heav'n's pardon greet him—Mighty prince, behold,
Where gallant Audley, like a tempest, pours [behold,
Destruction thro' the thickest ranks of foes!

Prince. Oh, Chandos, with astonishment my eye
Hath mark'd his valiant wonder-working sword!
Come, let us kindle at the great example,
And emulate the ardor we admire. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter KING JOHN, TOURAIN, *and Attendants.*

King. [*Turning back.*] Rally our men, my valliant Lord of Ewe,
Or we are all undone. " O gracious Heav'n,
" How has a kingdom crumbled from my grasp!
" *Tour.* Let us preserve ourselves by timely flight,
" Our broken army is dispersing. See,
" Behold the dastards how they run in thousands!
" Oh, shame! almost before a single foe.
" *King.* My dear Tourain, to what have I reduc'd
" A ruin now of pomp! a royal wretch! [thee!
" For thee I could weep blood; for thee I fear
" To lose a life no longer worth my care,
" Stripp'd as I am of dignity and fame.
" *Tour.* I ask of Heav'n but to partake your fortune;
" Not wasting on myself a single care,
" I send out all attendant on my king.
" *King.* Tears will have way—O majesty, give place,
" For nature governs now! Almighty Pow'rs!
" Must children and must kingdoms suffer thus,
" Because my pride to reason shut my ears,
" When dazzled with the giddy phantom, glory.
" I scorn'd the terms that might have blest us all?—
" Too late—It is the curse of giddy mortals
" To see their errors and repent too late."

Enter Archbishop of SENS.

Sens. The Dauphin, Dukes of Anjou, Berry, Orleans,
Have led the way in flight! Earl Douglas follows,
Fainting with many wounds, and all his Scots
Have like our French and the auxiliar troops,
Forsook their posts. For safety, sir, away——

King. Dare not to urge it—I disdain the thought.
Go, like my coward sons and brother, go:
Though all desert me, singly will I stand
And face my foes, 'till covered o'er with wounds,
I gain a fate becoming of a king.

" *Enter* CHARNEY, *bleeding and faint, resting on his Sword.*

" *Char.* Embrace this moment as your last for flight,
" The field is lost—I have not breath for more.
" This honest wound came timely to my rescue,
" Or I'd been curst to wail the dregs of life
" Away in anguish——Parent death, receive me.
" [*Lies down.*
" This is the goal to which all nature runs,
" And I rejoice to reach it.——All is lost!
" My country, monarch, daughter, life, &—Oh! [*Dies.*
" *King*, Thou, Charney hast escap'd—— [*A shout.*
" What noise is that?
" *Tour.* The sound of triumph.—Now there is no retreating,
" For, see! they have beset us all around.
" *King.* Come then, thou darling of thy father's soul,
" We'll link our wretched fortunes here together.
" And if a king's example can inspire
" The few yet faithful in my lost condition,
" Cast fear behind, and daringly come on,
" Determin'd still to conquer or to die." [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Opens to a full prospect of the Field. Enter RIBEMONT, *solus.*

Rib. Ill-fated Athens, thou hast breath'd thy last,—
But wherefore call I thee ill-fated? since
Death but prevented thee the curse of seeing
Our arms dishonour'd, and our country lost.
Now, sacred soul of him who gave me life,
The purpose of thy visit is explain'd.
No private evil, not a fate like mine——
That were a trival call for thee to earth:
It was to warn me of a heavier loss,
Our diadem and fame. Hah!—I'm alone
Amidst a field of foes!——let me collect
A decent vigour, like the hunted lion,
With an assault to dignify my fall,
And not shrink, tamely, to a vulgar fate.

Enter AUDLEY.

Aud. For England——

Rib. France—By Heav'n, the gallant Audley!—
Now, fortune, I forgive thy partial dealing:
For, next to victory, my wish has been
To fall by so renown'd an arm as Audley's.

Aud. Brave Ribemont, I will return thy praise,
And own thee noblest of my country's foes.
Had we been natives of one happy land,
The gen'rous semblance of our souls had link'd us
In friendship's dearest bonds.

Rib. But here we stand
Determin'd champions in opposing lists,
Each in his country's cause, the other's foe.
Come, for I long to try this season'd blade
Upon true metal. If I conquer thee,
I take no portion of the foul disgrace,
Which Heav'n this day has thrown upon our arms,
But should my fortune, (as perhaps it may)
Like my poor country's, bow the head to England,
Then, Audley, wilt thou add to thy renown,
By doing what the king has only done,
Baffle the warrior he pronounc'd a brave one?
Now for determination.

Aud. Hold a moment.——
Look on the field, brave Ribemont; behold,
Thou hast no passage for escape left open!
Me should'st thou vanquish; from the thousands round
Captivity or death must be thy lot, [thee,
Then make not havock of great qualities,
Nor to thy kingdom lose through desperation,
The bravest arms and noblest heart it boasts.
Give my fond wish the power but to protect thee:
Resign thy sword—I'll prove no conqueror,
But clasp thee with the warmth of gen'rous friendship.

Rib. Audley, I thank thee; but my hour is come—
You bid me look upon the field; look thou,
And see the glory of my country blasted!
To lose a day like this!—and to survive it—
Would be a wretchedness I'll ne'er endure.
No: in a nation's fate be mine involv'd:

To fall with France is now the only means
To satisfy my soul, and save my fame.
Aud. Oh, yet———
Rib. I'm fix'd.
Aud. Why then—for England this—
Rib. And this for France——
[*They fight some time, then stop.*
Aud. What! neither get the better?
'Tis a tough task!—Again———
[*They fight again, then stop.*
" *Rib.* Why, valiant lord,
" The balance still nods doubtful! as the pow'rs
" Were undetermin'd which must yield the day.
" Are our fates grown of such high consequence,
" That Heav'n should pause upon the great decision!
" Let us no longer worry one another,
" Where can the vulnerable spot be found?
" *Aud.* Why there——
"[*They fight,* Ribemont *falls, and* Audley *is wounded, and rests upon his sword.*
" *Rib.* No, there.
" *Aud.* We are companions still!"
Rib. Inward I bleed: the streams of life run fast,
And all that did invigorate deserts me.
Audley, the palm of victory is thine;
I yield, I die—but glory in my fall
It is beneath the noblest English arm!
And that secures my fame. " Thy bosom now
" May harbour him that is thy foe no more.
[Audley *kneels and takes him in his arms.*
" Why, this is kind! thus lock'd in thy embrace,
" To let a rival warrior breathe his last."
Report me truly as thy sword has found——
I know thou wilt; and, in the long hereafter,
If we can meet, I'll thank thee for't.——Farewel.
[*Dies.*
Aud. Farewel, brave Ribemont; thou fearless soldier.
Peace to thy ashes—to thy soul reward———
And honour crown thy name! A foe could weep!
But pity would disgrace a death like thine.
[*Trumpets.*

Enter PRINCE, CHANDOS, *and Attendants.*

Prince. [*Turning back.*] Give instant orders to recall our parties;
I will not hazard, by a rash pursuit,
So vast a victory! "And let my standard
"Be hoisted on the highest neighb'ring tree,
"To guide our troops returning from the chace."
England, my Chandos, triumphs! For our arms
Have won the noblest field that e'er was fought!
Ha! Audley bleeding!—Then must conquest mourn,
And I lament, amidst my spoils and trophies,
The best of nobles, warriors, and of friends.

Aud. Faint with the loss of blood—I hope no more.

Prince. Summon assistance; all that wealth can reach
"To him who gives me but his life's assurance.
"[*Exit an Attendant.*
"Advance the banner o'er us.—Long, oh, long
"May'st thou survive to wear this well-won honour,
"[*He knights and embraces* Audley.
"My bravest knight—my most belov'd of men,"
Lead him away, repose him in his tent.
Soon as the hurry of the field is o'er,
I'll come in person and attend his cure.

Aud. There lifeless lies the arm that gave the wound;
A braver soldier never press'd the earth!
On his remains let due distinction wait,
To dignify the dust that once was noble. [*He is led off.*

Prince. The valiant Ribemont!—Take hence his corpse,
And see that every solemn right be paid:
With honours suited to his gallant life,
Conduct the body to its peaceful grave.
[Ribemont *carried off.*

Chan. The field is thinn'd! And now far off removed,
The dying voice of tumult faintly sounds,
"Like the hoarse thunder in a distant sky;"
As hollow roarings of subsiding waves,
After their conflict with a furious storm.

Prince. An awful horror!—The sad scene before us,
Pompous with desolation! as declines
The glow and ardour of our martial flame,

Softens the mind to mournful meditation.
How many souls have ta'en eternal flight,
Who, but this very morning, on the wing
Of expectation, look'd through years to come!
So have the bubbles of their hopes been broke;
So may it fare with us:——And such is life!

Enter WARWICK. *

War. Oh, mighty prince, whose matchless virtues charm
The many realms your victories have aw'd!
Lend your compassion,——" your protection lend
" To wretched, bleeding, dying penitence."
Prince. What would'st thou say——
War. Unhappy Mariana,
At once the victim of distressful love,
And deep remorse for treachery——
Prince. Go on.
War. Frantic and weeping, ran o'er all the field,
'Till chance directed her to Arnold's corpse,
That welt'ring lay in blood. She kiss'd it oft,
Bath'd it with tears, tore her dishevell'd locks,
Smote her poor bosom, sobb'd and sadly groan'd.
'Till snatching from his clay-cold hand his sword,
She plung'd it sudden in her side!—sunk down——
And call'd on death to lock their last embrace.
" I (but too late to save her) interpos'd,
" And cry'd for help——alas! in vain. But now,
" Pluck'd by some passing soldiers from the body,
" They force her, raving and reluctant, hither."
Prince. Oh, Chandos—what a moving sight is here!

" *Enter Soldiers forcing in* MARIANA, *distracted and bleeding.*

" *Mar.* Off! let me go—I will not be torn from him:
" Relentless monsters!—Let us mingle blood,
" And die together.——What do I behold!——
" Oh, hide me, friendly earth,——for ever hide me
" From that offended face—— [*Sinks down.*
" *Prince.* Look up, fair mourner, [*Kneeling by her.*

* In the original, Louisa enters here, and speaks the three following speeches of Warwick.

" And gather comfort from my friendly tears.
" *Mar.* Comfort from thee ?—Thou injur'd godlike hero !
" Load me with curses !—Stab me with reproaches,—
" Thy sweetness cannot !—but the hand of Heav'n,
" That strikes for injur'd virtue, heavy falls!
" And crushes me beneath it.
" *Prince.* Weep not thus.
" *Mar.* What art thou made of, heart, to bear all this?
" That grov'ling in the dust—abandon'd—
" *Prince.* Nay,
" Do not be so wilful——And—
" *Mar.* Indeed, great prince,
" The dear, departed Arnold, was ensnar'd,
" Seduc'd—betray'd by me. But Heav'n can witness.
" My only motive was his preservation.
" Danger, despair, provok'd the guilty deed;
" With horror, death and infamy reward.
" Forgive the breathless soldier that rever'd,
" And servant that ador'd you, sir !—On me
" Heap all your indignation; scorn, detest,
" Despise, and hate my memory for ever.
" *Prince.* No, both have my compassion—my forgiveness. [sound ?
" *Mar.* Forgiveness, said you ?——Oh, celestial
" Catch it, ye angels, hov'ring on the wing,
" To waft me to the bar of Heav'n's high justice !
" Offended virtue pities and forgives !
" Chaunt it aloud ! and cheer with this foretaste
" Of goodness infinite,—my drooping—Oh !— [*Dies.*
" *Chan.* She's breathless !"

Prince. Heav'n, I hope, will think their crime
Enough was punish'd by affliction here.
Lay them together.—" Well, my lord of * Warwick,
England triumphs. * [manded;
War. I've view'd the adverse camp, as you com-
Where all the wealth of France was sure collected,
To grace the ruin of that wretched people.
Each tent profuse ! Like those of Pompey's host,
When on Pharsalia's plain he fought great Cæsar,

* In the original Warwick enters here.

And lost the world his life—and Rome her freedom.

Prince. All righteous Heav'n! thy hand is here conspicuous!
Pride and presumption finish thus their shame. [*Shout.*
Hark!

Char. 'Tis a train of pris'ners bringing hither.

Enter SALISBURY *with Officers and Soldiers, conducting* KING JOHN, *the Duke of* TOURAIN, *Archbishop of* SENS, *and several French Noblemen, prisoners.*

Prince. Brave Salisbury, you're welcome to my arms.
The field is ours!

Sal. And nobly was it fought!
Behold, my prince, how well we have acquitted
The claims our adversaries made on us.
Your veteran swordsman, Sir John Pelham, sends
This royal trophy to adorn your triumph.

Prince. Most wise and valiant of all christian kings,
Rever'd for virtues, and renown'd in arms!
That I behold you thus, dissolves my heart
With tender feeling; "While I bend the knee
"In humble praise of that good Providence.
"Which gives so great a victory to England!
"For you, great monarch," let your godlike soul
Strive with adversity, and still preserve,
As well you may, your royal mind unconquer'd.
Fortune is partial in her distributions:
Could merit always challenge its reward,
In other lights we might this hour have stood,
Perhaps the victor you, and I the captive:
But fear no wrong, the good should never fear it.
"This land, from whence my ancestors have sprung,
"By me shall not be injur'd." For yourself,
And this illustrious train of "noble pris'ners,"
My care shall be to treat you as I ought.

King. My gracious conqueror, and kindest cousin,
This goodness more than victory renowns you!
That I'm unfortunate is no reproach,
I brav'd all dangers as became a king,
'Till by my coward subjects left and lost.

Prince. Lead to my tent: when we are there arriv'd,
Prepare a banquet with all princely pomp,